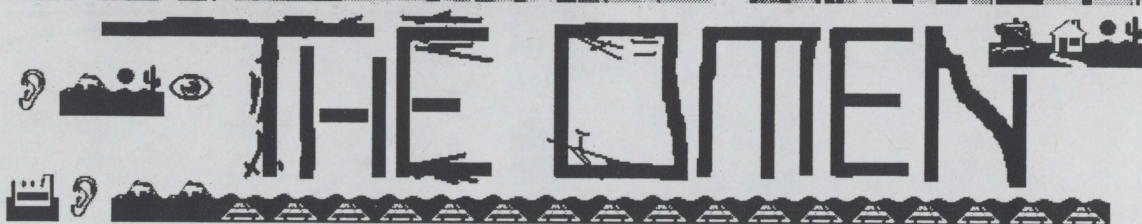
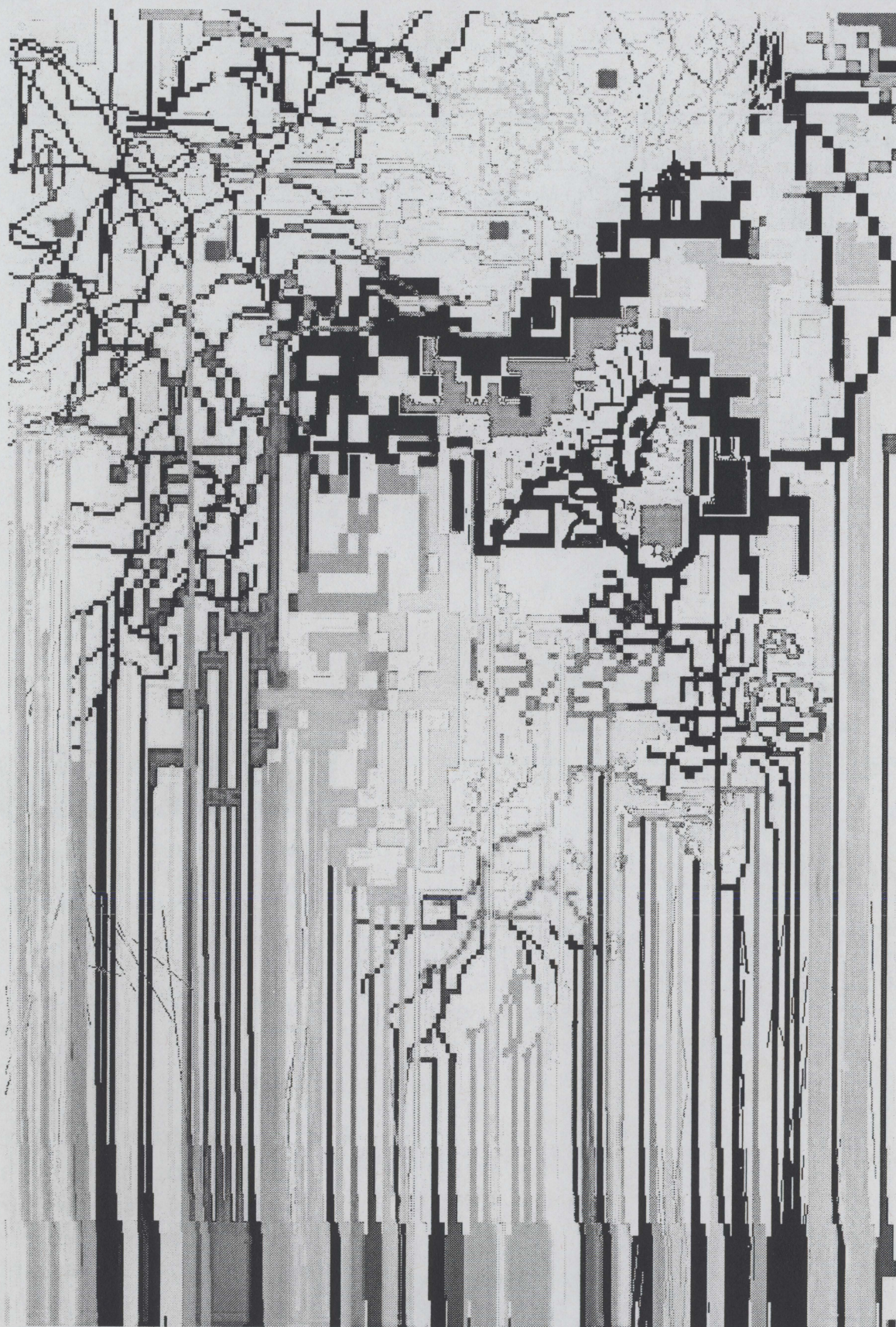


Volume 24 Issue 6
April 29, 2005



"THERE IS DEFINITELY A WORM" - BENJAMIN FRANKLIN



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omen

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April 29, 2005

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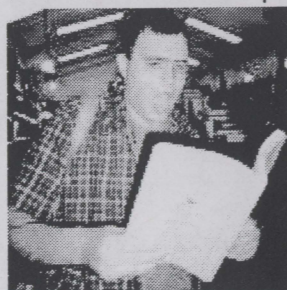
THE OFFICIAL OMEN HAIKU:

Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)

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Back Cover by:
Aaron Buchsbaum



to submit

Submissions are due **Saturdays** before 5 p.m. You can submit in rich text or plain text format by diskette (Mac or IBM), and typed hard copies will also be accepted, reluctantly. Label your disks well and they will get back to you. Get your stuff to Abby Ohlheiser, Merrill C202, x4566. You may also use e-mail. Send e-mail submissions to awo03@hampshire.edu

And be sure to read our policy box at the bottom of the next page before submitting.

Visit the Omen's spankin' new website! omen.hampshire.edu

I beat 10 women today

Aaron Buchsbaum, on apparent skill differentials in fencina. based on gender

HOW TO SET UP AND ACTUALLY FINISH AN INDEPENDENT STUDY

Editorial

This semester I tried my hand at an independent study. Being a survivor of the new first year plan, I didn't really know what I was doing, so the other student and I sort of had to wing it. It would have been really helpful to know some things before hand, and I suppose the ReRad kids/the new first year plans are supposed to fix that for the new kids. The rest of us, however, are left to throw tantrums in front of the professor we'd like to advise our study and persist until they sign off just to shut us up.

First of all, the syllabus of an independent study should not be written by the professor. It's your idea, your syllabus, your project. Yeah, the professor might actually know more about the subject than you do, and he/she might make some suggested alterations to your syllabus, but the burden of creating the workload for the semester is supposed to come from you.

Second, unless you're continuing a project from a class with a specific professor (and even then), keep in mind that you might have to ask more than one person to advise your study. Some professors don't want to work with you, most commonly because they don't have time. You might have to have a professor who knows nothing about your independent study sign off on it, but this shouldn't really be a problem if you have your shit together (syllabus, motivation, etc.) before you talk to the professor about what you want to do.

Third, don't try to do too many things in one semester. Your independent study should replace a class, 99% of the time. One independent study? Take no more than three classes. Three independent studies? Don't take more than one class. If you take more and think you're going to succeed you're either taking classes that are too easy, not doing your work, or on a shitload of stimulants. If you take only a few classes and actually put effort into them – i.e. maybe go beyond what the professor asks if the class is too easy, do all the reading and assignments on a responsible schedule, etc. – you might actually do work that you're proud of.

Fourth, when you actually start the study, don't forget about it. You're not going to a class twice a week, so set up regular meetings with the professor (don't let them talk you out of these – I did and I'm kicking myself now that it's the end of the semester), and follow your syllabus.

Looking back on this, I think it all should be common sense. Then again, I've been at Hampshire long enough (which isn't very long) to know that common sense is not assumed here, especially when at least two years of the student body have passed through a program that disables their ability to do the one thing at Hampshire that makes it worth the 40,000 a year. The framework for taking advantage of that resource still exists, but you have to use it.



policy

The *Omen* is Hampshire's longest-running bi-weekly publication, established by Stephanie Cole in December of 1992. In the past, submissions have included students' perspectives on the campus, administration, news, movie reviews, commentary, short fiction, satire, first born, artwork, comics, and the occasional embarrassing self-promotion. Everything the *Omen* receives, provided it is sent from a member of the Hampshire community, will be published unless it is deemed libelous or defamatory. Although we find such things amusing and entertaining for countless hours, it is just not an option in this forum. Libel will be considered clearly false or unsupportable writing that maliciously damages a person's reputation.

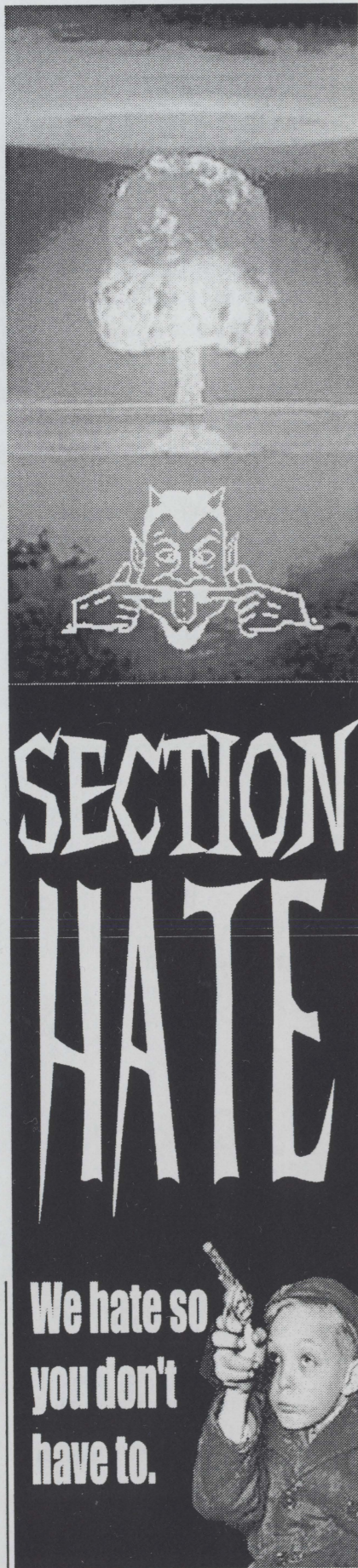
The *Omen* will not edit anything you write

(except spelling and grammar). You must sign your real name (no anonymous submissions) and understand that you are responsible for what you say. Nonetheless, views in the *Omen* do not necessarily represent the views of anyone, anywhere, living or dead.

There is no *Omen* staff, save those positions of editor-in-chief and layout editor. To qualify for community service you must be a consistent contributor and help regularly with layout. Layout times (and such) will be discussed at our meetings. Meetings are held every Tuesday after release of an issue in the Bridge Cafe at 9PM. Everyone, everywhere, living or dead, should come.

The *Omen* loves you.





More like Poop Shitty

by: Abbey Harlow and Patrick See

Hampshire is poop shitty!
The end.
No, sorry dudes

Abbey: Oh hello there friend how are you?

Patrick: Wohhhhh! (bear noise)

Abbey: beee bee boh boh boh boh boh (fart) fascists!

Patrick: ah speaking the language of the Hampshireite I see.

Abbey: Hey man. I read social theory, I don't know about you though.

Patrick: hey dood, when it comes to social theory, I just stick with the reefer. Cause man. Life is SO HARD!

Abbey: Yeah, well get back Jo Jo. You know what I mean, I mean the universe and stuff.

Patrick: the Universe! Holy shit man! It must had been like eight years back when Frank and I were fucking blazed and we were talking about that shit, man. You should have been there ABBEAH!

Abbey: yeah well. That's the way the cookie crumbles. Speaking of cookies, you know who really frosts mine?

Patrick: gotta be Bush man, gotta be that baby killer.

Abbey: Yeah. Wait. Maybe that makes TOO much sense, if you

know what I mean. But nah, not Bush. More like, God.

Patrick: God? Naw, I don't believe in that shit.

Abbey: Well like, someone must have made it my fate to end up here. You know, (here). Maybe it was that ol' bearded wonder.

Patrick: ouch! Man, why are you throwin' stones at my face? Did your precious God tell you to do that? Stoning me like they stoned Mary Magdalene?!

Abbey: God dude, GOD. Like Alanis Morissette you know what I'm sayin? Anyway, I gotta get outta here.

Patrick: why man? Where the fuck you goin'? Check out my shirt, man.

Abbey: Yeah I'm going to Smith. You know that nice place down the road. See ya later dude. In the words of me, "I used to kill ants and bury them, and I just don't feel free to do that here."

Patrick: wait man. Just. Wait. When you came here, you made a promise to yourself that you wanted to have no grades, no money, no life, man. But now you're out trying to make something of yourself?! Trying to GO GET A JOB? Man, you wouldn't need a job if that god damned GEORGE BUSH was in office!



by: Josh Hillard

By the time you are reading this, you will either have a mod with your friends, or realize you have no friends to live with in a mod and everyone hates you and why did you come to Hampshire in the first place to go to school with all of these douche bags. Alternatively, you could be living in the dorms for another year, but really, only n00bs who suck at life do that. Whatever your situation, I wish you the best of luck, except for the n00bs, and also the hippies. Stop playing your drums and guitars outside with those shit-eating grins on your face. God. And stop with the Frisbees. Don't you have some work to do or something?

To all those living in the dorms again - I laugh. Enjoy saga for another semester bitches. But why does Saga suck so much? After eating in our revered institution here at Hampshire College, I have often pondered this question after an evening of dissatisfaction and digestive discomfort. It's interesting to note the quality of foods at other colleges that also are run by Sodexo in relation to our dear Saga. Take for example Holy Cross or Stonehill College. I have visited both of these schools in the 2004-2005 school-year to see friends. And let me tell you, their food is *great*. Well, not great, its still cafeteria food, but quite a bit better than Saga. Why the hell do we get the shaft? By the way, thanks to the nice Saga employees, I don't necessarily mean this as an attack against you, but more your

YOU EVER DANCE WITH THE DEVIL IN THE PALE MOONLIGHT? A RANT FOR THE END OF THE YEAR

terrible food. So screw you Saga food. I look forward to summer and real food. The only satisfaction I have ever had with your food is on the can, knowing I'm pushing it out of my body.

On a completely unrelated note (and I am too lazy to write some clever transition to connect the two) the play "The Marriage" was showing in EDH the past two weekends, and to those who were unable to attend any of the showings, I would like to summarize for you and let you know what you missed. The actors and actresses did a wonderful job, an outstanding job, and to my eyes, were very convincing. The costumes and lighting were very good, and the set was extremely impressive and very much influenced the viewing of the play (in a good way). The music was exceptional (though admittedly I am biased, for it was my next door neighbor that composed and played the pieces: shameless shout out to DJR: YOU ROCK!). It was obvious that the people involved were very talented and spent a great deal of time in preparing for the play. However, the play blew.

Granted, this is only one man's opinion, but my opinion counts a lot for me, and it should count a lot for you, as I am on the Omen staff. I'm sure some thought the play was great all around; good for you, you intellectual freaks. Enjoy your time here at Hampshire. I however, found its production exceptional, but the actual play so terrible, I can hardly put it into words here.

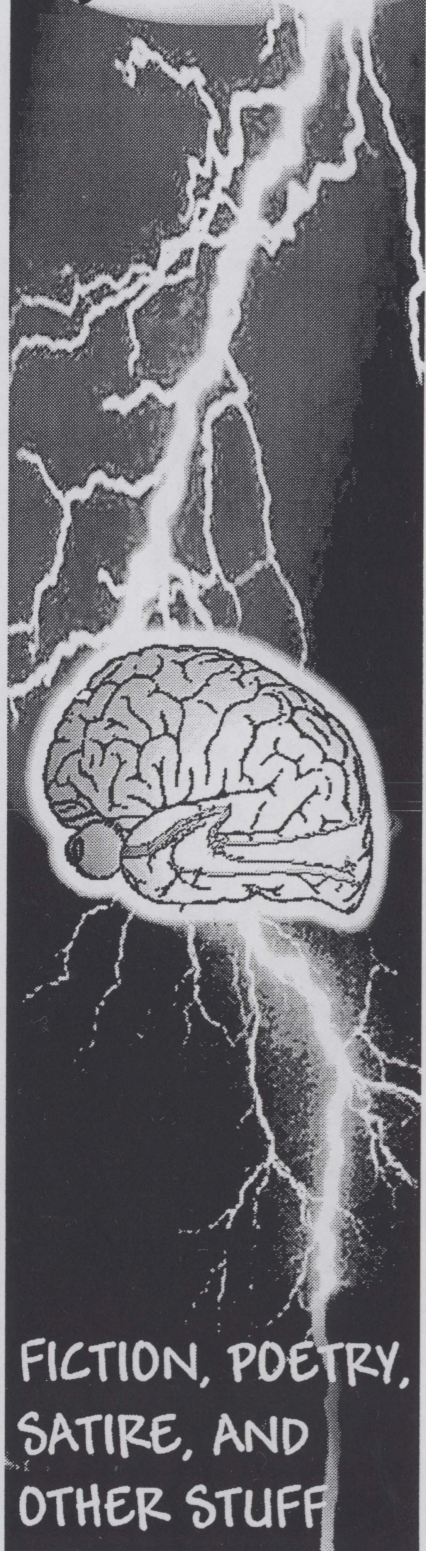
I will do my best, so here goes:

Women and children may want to skip the next section, due to its graphic nature.

ORGAN-CRIPPLING
BLINDING EXPLOSION
OF ANTI-MATTER AND
MY BRAIN SUICIDAL
DISEMBOWELMENT
AND MANIACAL PER-
VERSION STEAMING
BAG OF HERPES OF A
RAPE OF THE SENSES
AND LOGIC GOD I
THINK I'M DYING AND
THAT'S A PLEASURE
AT THIS POINT WTFOM
FGBBQ!!!!111ONE11!!!!
!!!!1111!!!!1!!!!

That's the best I can do. I know I go to a fruity school where symbolism and open-mindedness (heh, yeah, open-mindedness for anything liberal, that's the caveat they don't tell you when you visit or apply) are our gods, but seriously, why can't people do things that *make sense*. Really, I mean sure, I especially enjoy explosions and shit like that, but even if it's just about people, I can enjoy it if it *makes sense*. And trust me, this play made *no sense*. If I have offended any of those involved in the play, then submit an article to the Omen and explain to the community why "The Mar-

SECTION LIES



FICTION, POETRY,
SATIRE, AND
OTHER STUFF

1-9-05 GAS STATION WITH COCO

Let me tell you a story of about 200 miles ago. We stopped at this gas station and saw an old lady. She was sitting out front of the little food mart on the ground. She had a blanket over her knees. It was scratchy-looking and probably used to be white. She was pretty dirty and old and had her head tilted down when we walked in. I don't think she even noticed us. She was muttering to herself.

What's funny was that we were out in the middle of nowhere. The gas station was all on it's own on the side of the highway, and there wasn't anything else around. Right behind the station was this sort of swamp with mossy trees all around and to either side was just open road.

I had to pee really bad, so I wasn't really paying attention to anything else in particular, but Coco was in a more observant mood and he pointed it out to me when I came out of the bathroom. He was browsing through the wall of refrigerators, opening doors and checking out teas and juices. He'd pull one out and look it over, then put it back and pull out another one. I came out and he said, "Hey man, did you see that old lady out there?"

"What?" I said, "Yeah, I saw her."

"I wonder where she lives. I mean there's nothing else around here."

"She looked homeless, man." I felt weird saying that.

Then it occurred to me what he was getting at.

"Well, yeah dude, or at least pretty down and out. But I mean there's nothing around here. We're in the middle of nowhere."

And we were. I was ready to go all of a sudden. I leaned over in front of Coco and pulled open a freezer. I got out a bag of ice and Coco started feeling around in his pockets for change.

The guy behind the register looked exhausted. He was skinny, but he had this baggy blue uniform on him that sort of came off looking like droopy skin. His face was hollow: either his eyes were sunken in or his cheekbones were sticking out. He had a black mustache and big purple puffs on either side of his nose. I held up the bag to show him but he leaned forward across the counter and took it from me. He winced and his nose twitched as his arm took the weight. He swung it up, hoisting it over the register. His little bony wrist looked so strained and exhausted. He set the ice bag down on the counter and took a step back to frown at it. I watched him, fascinated. He spun it around, still frowning, and then pressed a couple of buttons on the register with his other hand.

When we walked out the lady looked up at us.

"Goodbye" she said. Her voice was loud and old. "Thank you," she said, "thanks a lot. Thanks for coming. See you

by: Alec Walker

continued from page 8

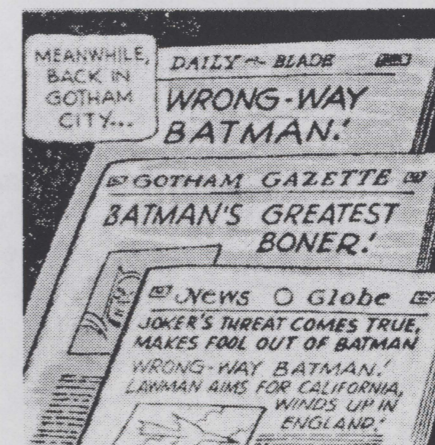
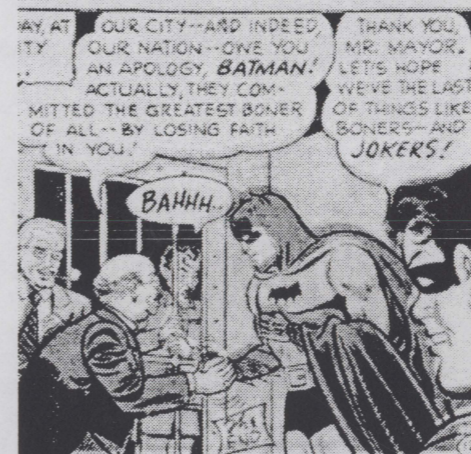
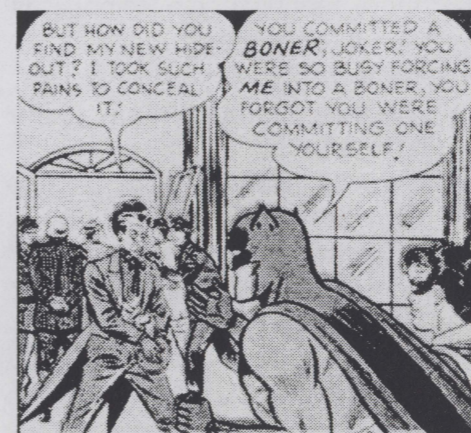
1-9-05 GAS STATION . . .

next time." There were no other cars in the parking lot.

"Goodbye" Coco called back to her finally, and we put the gas nozzle back on its perch and got in the car. I put the ice in the cooler and

Coco warmed up the engine. Then we pulled out and settled back into our seats to cruise. There's hardly ever any turns on Louisiana highways, and in the sunset one gets the feeling of floating. We're moving, we're

cruising, things are flying past us, but sitting in our seats feels so stationary that we're sure we're floating. Floating down to earth like parachutists in the fog.



SIX FLAGS

Sea of glass and metal writhing under heat of the sun

Like a light bulb hung over a dank cellar floor
They parked their minivans and BMWs in the desert

Of asphalt, sand and beer cans, sawdust in the park for vomit

I looked out towards that barren wasteland of the consumed

Through steel supports, looking like a prisoner waiting in line

A father of two, his tattoos they all looked the same on everyone

He told his son to not be frightened, how his sister was going on

Going to ride the Steamy Demon roller coaster, the son

He should ride too, should not be a wuss, his sister is going on now

We all waited in line for half an hour
For sixty seconds of cheap thrill

And it's over

by: Raf Kenney

LOVE ME TENDER, LOVE ME GEEK

submitted by: Mona Weiss

1.)

bloodninja: Baby, I been havin a tough night so treat me nice aight?

BritneySpears14: Aight.

bloodninja: Slip out of those pants baby, yeah.

BritneySpears14: I slip out of my pants, just for you, bloodninja.

bloodninja: Oh yeah, aight. Aight, I put on my robe and wizard hat.

BritneySpears14: Oh, I like to play dress up.

bloodninja: Me too baby.

BritneySpears14: I kiss you softly on your chest.

bloodninja: I cast Lvl. 3 Eroticism. You turn into a real beautiful woman.

BritneySpears14: Hey...

bloodninja: I meditate to regain my mana, before casting Lvl. 8 Cock of the Infinite.

BritneySpears14: Funny I still don't see it.

bloodninja: I spend my mana reserves to cast Mighty F*ck of the Beyondness.

BritneySpears14: You are the worst cyber partner ever. This is ridiculous.

bloodninja: Don't f*ck with me bitch, I'm the mightiest sorcerer of the lands.

bloodninja: I steal yo soul and cast Lightning Lvl. 1,000,000 Your body explodes into a fine bloody mist, because you are only a Lvl. 2 Druid.

BritneySpears14: Don't ever message me again you piece

of ****.

bloodninja: Robots are trying to drill my brain but my lightning shield inflicts DOA attack, leaving the robots as flaming piles of metal.

bloodninja: King Arthur congratulates me for destroying Dr. Robotnik's evil army of Robot Socialist Republics. The cold war ends. Reagan steals my accomplishments and makes like it was cause of him.

bloodninja: You still there baby? I think it's getting hard now.

bloodninja: Baby?

2.)

bloodninja: Ok baby, we got to hurry, I don't know how long I can keep it ready for you.

j_gurli3: thats ok. ok i'm a japanese schoolgirl, what r u.

bloodninja: A Rhinocerus. Well, hung like one, thats for sure.

j_gurli3: haha, ok lets go.

j_gurli3: i put my hand through ur hair, and kiss u on the neck.

bloodninja: I stomp the ground, and snort, to alert you that you are in my breeding territory.

j_gurli3: haha, ok, u know that turns me on.

j_gurli3: i start unbuttoning ur shirt.

bloodninja: Rhinoceruses don't wear shirts.

j_gurli3: No, ur not really a Rhinocerus silly, it's just part of the game.

bloodninja: Rhinoceruses don't

play games. They f*cking charge your ass.

j_gurli3: stop, cmon be serious.

bloodninja: It doesn't get any more serious than a Rhinocerus about to charge your ass.

bloodninja: I stomp my feet, the dust stirs around my tough skinned feet.

j_gurli3: thats it.

bloodninja: Nostrils flaring, I lower my head. My horn, like some phallic symbol of my potent virility, is the last thing you see as skulls collide and mine remains the victor. You are now a bloody red ragdoll suspended in the air on my mighty horn.

bloodninja: Goddam am I hard now.

3.)

BritneySpears14: Ok, are you ready?

eminemBNJA: Aight, yeah I'm ready.

BritneySpears14: I like your music Em... Tee hee.

eminemBNJA: huh huh, yeah, I make it for the ladies.

BritneySpears14: Mmm, we like it a lot. Let me show you.

BritneySpears14: I take off your pants, slowly, and massage your muscular physique.

eminemBNJA: Oh I like that Baby. I put on my robe and wizard hat.

BritneySpears14: What the f*ck, I told you not to message me again.

JEFFREY IS SOBER, OLD AND CROTCHETY AND HAS BEEN DRAFTED FOR HALF A PAGE

by: Jeffrey Paternostro

You kids don't know how good you got it nowadays. Seriously, in my days when we misappropriated money, we MISAPPROPRIATED money. We had dirty Community Council hippies breaking into our rooms looking for 'TVs' bought with student group funds. (Nice try, hippies). We used our money for pot, beer, hookers, tours of the buffalo farm, and more hookers. And all the receipts were signed, sealed and reimbursed. (Hookers are surprisingly good record keepers). So you want to make FiCom electable now, (or so the jolt tells me, and if you can't trust the jolt) and I say ha! You stupid fools! That's right, you are trying to fix things, and I'm still calling you stupid. Why? Because you

are doing it poorly, and contrary to published Hampshire policy, just trying to make the world a better place isn't good enough. You have to have a clue what you are doing.

First off, FiCom is corrupt? The answer is probably. College students + large amounts of money = Boss Hogg with bad hygiene and a pirated copy of the new Decemberists album. Learn to live with it. The difference is at least when I was here, the trains ran on time. Sure, established group funding was our friends giving us ludicrous amounts of money, but hey, everything was easy, receipts got signed, and people got reimbursed. Things actually happened without fifty forms getting filled out and arduous journeys to the North Sea

to capture a vial of great squid ink for the Leadership Center to write its expressed written consent. Now I am sitting in the OMEN Pub lab, sober and pizza-less. This is what we have been reduced to. Now do you actually think making FiCom electable will make a lick of difference? Community Council is electable, and those things are about as competitive as AC Milan versus flare wielding ultras. It's gonna be the same people running unopposed, getting elected and still doing whatever things that annoy you currently.

Just go and run for trustee rep, that's where all the power is anyway. Stupid hipsters.



by: G-d.
submitted by: Jacob Lefton

Psalms 7-9:6

Pour out Your wrath upon the nations which do not acknowledge You, and on the kingdoms that do not proclaim Your Name. For they have devoured Jacob and destroyed his habitation. Pour forth your fury upon them and let Your burning anger overtake them. Pursue them in anger and destroy them from beneath the heavens of the Lord

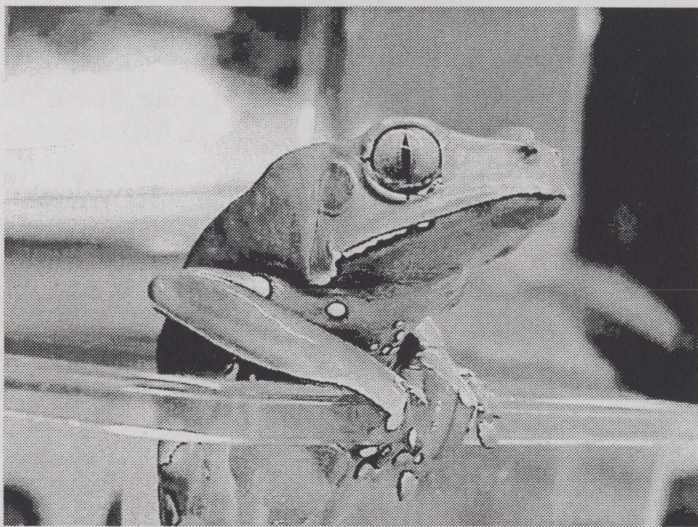
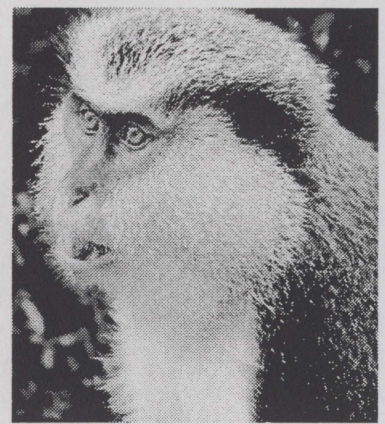
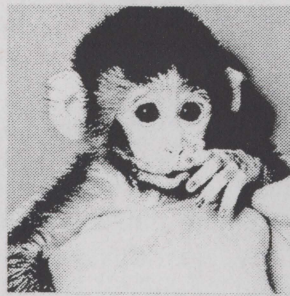
eminemBNJA: Oh ****

BritneySpears14: I swear if you do it one more time I'm gonna report your ISP and say you were sending me kiddie porn you f*ck up.

eminemBNJA: Oh ****

eminemBNJA: damn I gotta write down your names or something





**One of these things is,
sadly, not like the other.**

